

# LADIES' LITERARY MUSEUM; OR,



## WEEKLY REPOSITORY.

“FIAT PERPETUA.”

### THE WHITE COTTAGE.

[Continued.]

As usual, Edmund and Julia met, conversed, sung, read, and walked together; he always met the extended hand of welcome from Mrs. Sinclair; and philosophy, instead of finding reasons for his flying the presence of the woman he loved, or being reserved when with her, advanced very opposite arguments, which, in co-operation with the sentiments of his heart, led him to pass many hours of every day at the White Cottage.

One morning, Mrs. Sinclair received letters which threw her into the deepest distress. She looked tenderly on Julia, and withdrew to her own apartment. Presently she sent for her. It was evident that she had been weeping, and was still in great agitation. ‘I had hoped, (she said,) that my health was so much restored that any sudden emotion of the mind would not thus affect it; but I fear it is a poor shattered frame patched up only for a little time.’ Julia endeavored to divert the melancholy that had taken possession of her, and spoke with hope and cheerfulness. Mrs. Sinclair shook her head: ‘I am very ill; but, O my God, (she cried, clasping her hands together,) spare, spare my life, that I may yet claim a parent for my Julia.’ Her emotion overpowered her. When she recovered, she consented to walk a little about the garden, Julia still seeking to divert her thoughts

from the subject that pressed upon them. But she spoke little, and was evidently involved in some deep sorrow. Edmund stepped in in the evening: Mrs. Sinclair had retired, and Julia was sitting in the parlor, alone and thoughtful; the traces of tears were on her cheeks, and her eyes appeared heavy and mournful. She spoke of the letters her aunt had received in the morning, and of their effect. ‘I fear (said she) she has many sorrows; but as she will not impart them to me, I can only participate in their effect.’ ‘Cannot you guess the cause?’ said Edmund. ‘Partly I can,—I am the cause,’ she replied, and burst into tears. ‘This is very mysterious, how are you the cause?’ ‘It is a mystery indeed,—I am a mystery to myself,—I know not who I am!’ sobbed Julia. ‘Who you are! (said Edmund with astonishment) are you not the niece of Mrs. Sinclair?’ ‘I believe myself to be so, but I know not; I have no remembrance of my parents; I am told one yet lives, but I know not where, nor which.’ Tears and sobs choked her utterance. Edmund was affected. He had taken her hand, and pressed it in silence to his heart. ‘O Julia! (at length he exclaimed) whoever you are, would that you were mine! This arm should then protect you, this breast should shield you, and I would defend you with my life from every evil.’ Julia heard, but doubted the reality of what she heard. She gazed at him in speechless aston-

ishment, and her head sunk on the bosom which seemed her only refuge. A few moments recalled her to a sense of what had passed; she raised her eyes, and faintly said, 'Can I believe it?' 'Yes, Julia, my long-loved Julia, in this moment of misery I have dared to open to you my whole heart; that secret which I have preserved for so many months has now transpired; say, is it unwelcome?' Julia made no answer: but he read in her downcast eye and ever-changing cheek, every wish of his heart. They at length parted; and while surprise and tenderness agitated her breast, in his reigned love, hope, and rapture. On the next day her aunt was better; she answered her letters in the morning, and Edmund, finding her more composed, ventured to speak to her upon the subject of his attachment to her niece, and received with joy the assenting voice of entire approbation. Of his own parents' consent he had no doubt; he knew their high esteem for Julia, and the path of love seemed to him strewn only with flowers. Mrs. Sinclair, however, after a few minutes of apparently deep and painful reflection, bade him delay mentioning the subject to his parents, until she had imparted to him some circumstances relative to Julia which she thought it right he should be acquainted with. 'I will not (she added) keep you any longer in suspense than my health obliges me; at present I am unequal to the task, for much must be recalled which I could wish to bury in oblivion; but in a few days I hope to be able to communicate all which you ought to know.'

The next day was Sunday, and tho so indisposed, Mrs. Sinclair went to church. A stranger was shown into the pew next to hers, during service. Her niece could not forbear remarking his elegant but emaciated figure; and the paleness of a countenance peculiarly handsome, but in which were deeply characterized thought and suffering. While she was perusing the lineaments of his face, he turned his eye towards her, and seemed awakened to some sudden recollection. The intenseness of his gaze obliged her to withdraw; and putting down her veil, she retired into another corner of the pew. Mrs. Sinclair sat with her back to him, and had neither observed nor been observed by him; and her niece was silent.

Julia herself had been so much affected by the eloquence of the pulpit, that she scarcely observed her aunt, until her convulsive sobs alarmed her; but a deep groan from the next pew made them both start up. The stranger was bending forward, his hands over his face, endeavoring to stifle the sighs that forced themselves from his bosom. He

turned his head as Mrs. Sinclair rose, and at that instant she fainted. Edmund hastened to support her: the stranger was already bending over her, his eye alternately gazing on her, as he endeavored to hold her in his arms, and on Julia, while drops of anguish rolled down his face. 'Permit me to support this lady, (said Edmund) the sight of a stranger may distress her when she recovers.' 'I am no stranger, (he replied)—O God! would that I were!' and he continued to support her—but on Edmund's saying, 'This situation, sir, is only for friends,' he yielded her in silence to his care, and with a deep sigh left the church. Mrs. Sinclair slowly recovered, and feebly pronounced 'Home.' Edmund attended her; and much as he was interested for her, the mysterious stranger dwelt upon his mind, and some suspicions arose which he vainly endeavored to banish, but he determined never to utter them. Mrs. Sinclair continued so ill, that she would admit of no person to be near her but Julia, and with whom she sate lost in thought, or she would suddenly start and shudder, as if at some dreadful recollection. Julia's bosom was scarcely less agitated: conjectures, doubts, surprise, by turns harassed and perplexed her; a momentary suspicion darted across her mind, but of a nature so horrible to her feelings that she strove to banish it immediately, yet it would return in defiance of every effort.

A note was brought for her aunt from the inn. 'It is doubtless from the stranger,' thought Julia; but as her aunt was asleep, and the person waited, she said an answer would be returned next morning. Mrs. Sinclair perused the note, when given to her the next day, with considerable emotion; and was hesitating upon what answer to send, when another was brought. The stranger was yet at the inn, and the tenor of each note was the request of an interview. 'It is impossible, (she said) but Edmund shall see him: send for him, my Julia; and this morning I will perform my promise to you both: whatever agony the disclosure costs me, it must be made: send for him, my love.' She seemed struggling with her feelings, and endeavoring to summon all her fortitude. Edmund instantly obeyed the invitation, and placing him and Julia on each side of her, thus unfolded the mystery. [To be continued.]

[This Novel will be completed in about nine or ten Numbers more. The beautiful "Romance," just commenced in this number, will also be concluded about the same time....both within the next quarter. Of this Romance, too much cannot be said in commendation.]

ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT.

[For this paper.]

## THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET.

A writer, in the National Intelligencer, under the signature of "K." makes the following curious remarks on the concluding part of this passage in Shakspeare's Hamlet:

"HAMLET. A murderer and a villain!  
A slave that is not twentieth part the tythe  
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;  
A cut-purse of the empire and the rule;  
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket!"

"What!" says K. "put the diadem **IN HIS POCKET!**" Monstrous! methinks Aunt Charity's pocket must have been a fool to it! It is stated, that this gross error was first discovered by the celebrated Merry, who possessed the manuscript copy, in Shakspeare's own hand writing. That in the margin, the words 'put it in his pocket,' is noted to the guide of the actor; which alludes (as will be discovered in reading the previous part of the scene) to Hamlet's *putting* the **PICTURE** of his **FATHER** in his **POCKET**. But the blundering printer, instead of putting it thus:

'That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And——  
[puts it (the picture of his father) in his pocket.]

ENTER GHOST.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,  
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?"

Prints it in this manner:

'That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket!'

It will be observed, that the sudden appearance of the Ghost stops Hamlet in the very midst of the speech, and diverts his attention from what he is uttering to his mother, and he 'puts it (the picture of his father) in his pocket,' and exclaims: 'Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings, You heavenly guards!' &c.

These observations of "K." are strenuously, and somewhat facetiously, contradicted, by another writer, signing himself "W." in the National Advocate, who asserts that the allusions of Hamlet, in the above passage, were *originally* illustrated by corresponding **PORTRAITS** attached to the scenery, the introduction of *miniatures* being a modern innovation, and that Shakspeare meant the expression "and put it in his pocket," should

be, as printed, a part of Hamlet's speech, and that it is to be taken in its *figurative* and not its literal sense, as Mr. K. appears to have taken it.

We must acknowledge, that at first we were seriously inclined to coincide with Mr. K.; but, on "drinking a little deeper," or in other words, on a more minute examination of the subject, in the version of that play published with Johnson's and Stephens's notes, we have been compelled to believe, as Mr. W. says, that Shakspeare certainly intended the words in question as part of the text, and not as any guide to the actor, as K. says, written in the margin; and as to a manuscript play of Shakspeare's hand-writing, it is well known there is not one extant. The one simple fact, that **PORTRAITS** were first used, and not *miniatures*, places it beyond doubt, as it would be as difficult for Hamlet to put a portrait, painted in the fifteenth century, "in his pocket," as it would be to put a diadem....and it is too well authenticated to be contradicted, that, at the time this play was first performed, viz: 1598, *miniatures* were unknown in England. Moreover, Hamlet is *not* interrupted in his speech by the appearance of the Ghost, as K. says, immediately at the sentence under discussion....the Ghost does not even **ENTER** until the Queen exclaims "No more!"....nor does Hamlet **OBSERVE** the Ghost until he has added, "A king of shreds and patches!" Consequently, there is no occasion whatever to acquaint the actor to put *any thing* in his pocket, until he actually observes this "gracious figure," if indeed it would be necessary even at that moment for him to put "the picture" in his pocket, admitting it to be possible, either for convenience or effect, which we cannot allow.

To illustrate this curious controversy, we will subjoin the scene as far as is connected with the question, copied from the edition before us.

"H. Look here, upon this picture, and on this:  
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers." &c.

"Q. O, speak to me no more;  
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears:  
No more, sweet Hamlet.

H. A murderer and a villain:  
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe  
Of your precedent lord: a vice of kings;  
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;  
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket!

Q. No more! [ENTER GHOST.]

H. A king of shreds and patches:—  
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,  
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?"



The above shows, that the words in question correspond exactly with the whole tenor of Hamlet's description of the character of the King, to whom they allude, not to his *father*, as Mr. K. mistakes them; and a very particular analogy of language to them is seen in the preceding line, from which it cannot but be admitted that Shakspeare intended Hamlet should *speak* them, to convey, figuratively, the petty, mean, cowardly usurpation of the throne:

"That from a *shelf* the precious diadem *stole*,  
And *put it* in his *pocket*!"

These two lines, taken connectively, evidently insinuate that the king came to the crown not by an open, brave, or forcible usurpation, but by the means and in the manner that a thief would sneak at night into your house and steal a something of value from a cupboard, or shelf, and, by "putting it in his pocket," *conceal* the villainy.

Such is our opinion; and should Mr. K. ever discover another such "gross error," in the writings of the immortal bard of Avon, we would advise him to

PUT IT IN HIS POCKET.

[For this paper.]

Mr. Editor, in an old French Almanac I accidentally read a very ingenious and humorous explanation of a pack of cards. The wit engaged my fancy, and never having seen the story in English, I immediately set down to translate it for your entertaining paper, presuming it would be acceptable to many of your readers. Your's, &c.

[From the French.]

#### TRUE USE OF A PACK OF CARDS; OR, JACK'S REMEMBRANCER.

A certain nobleman had a number of servants, and among them was one in whom he placed great confidence. A fellow-servant became jealous of him; and went to make a complaint to his master, in order to get him turned out of his service; but all he could impeach him with was, that he was a great card-player. On hearing this, the nobleman, being highly displeased, called him to account.

"Jack, (says the nobleman,) what's this I've heard of you?" "I can't tell, please your lordship, (says Jack,) what is it?"

Nobleman. Why, Jack, I'm informed you are a great gamester at cards.

Jack. My lord, who was it informed you so? It is a false report. I wish I knew who told you.

N. Tis no matter who told me, are you really a gamester or not? you know I hate card-playing.

J. My lord, I never played a card in my life, nor do I know even what a card means.

N. Well, we shall call in the informer, and see how he can support his accusation against you.

J. With all my heart, my lord.

The informer was then called in.

N. Did not you, sir, tell me, that Jack, my faithful servant, was become a great gamester?

Informer. I did, my lord, indeed, tell you so.

N. Why, he utterly denies it.

Inf. I don't care, my lord; I will prove it to his face; and to convince your lordship, that I can make good my assertion, if you have him searched, you will find he has a pack of cards in his pocket, always at his service.

Jack's pockets being examined, the cards were found, and produced to his lordship, who began to stamp and rave in a violent passion, for though, (like many men, who revile against one vice while committing another,) he could punish his servants for all their crimes, he never thought of the sin he committed himself by getting in such unreasonable fits of rage as he exhibited at this moment.

"You audacious, impudent rogue, (says he, at last,) how dare you be guilty of such a falsehood in my presence? Did not you tell me that you never played a card in your life, and could not tell what they meant? And all the time have a pack in your pocket, you villain. Had you confessed your fault, I would be apt to forgive you; but now I will punish you with double severity, because you are a gamester and a liar also."

J. Your lordship may use your pleasure; but I still hope you will not condemn me for a fault of which I am not guilty....I again deny the charge.

N. You hardened villain! what stronger proof need there be than the cards being found in your pocket, or what can you say for yourself, sir?

J. My lord, if you call these "cards," I do not; nor do I use them as such, I can assure you.

N. Why what do you call them, pray?

J. My lord, they are my Almanac.

N. Your ALMANAC! you dog you, did ever any one make an almanac of a pack of cards!

J. My lord, I am no scholar; and for that reason I use them as an almanac, to rule the year.

N. Well, Jack, if so, let me hear how you manage your cards; if I find you convert them to a proper use, I will not in the least be angry, but will freely forgive you.

J. Why then, my lord, consider, in the first place, that there are four suits in the cards, that

intimate the four quarters of the year; then as there are thirteen cards in every suit, so there are thirteen weeks in each quarter; there are twelve court-cards, which intimate the twelve months of the year; there are fifty-two cards in the pack, (as you call them, my lord,) and that exactly answers to the number of weeks in the year. Examine them further, and you will find as many spots on them as there are days in the year, that is to say, three hundred and sixty-five spots, the exact number of days in a year.

N. Very well, Jack, I cannot but say you apply your almanac exceeding well; but prithee, Jack, do you make no further use of these cards?

J. Yes, my lord, I do much more with them.

N. Well, what other use do you make of them?

J. I also use them as a Prayer-book, my lord.

N. A PRAYER-BOOK! you infamous scoundrell! I am sure if you make an Almanac of your cards, you can never make a Prayer-book of them!

J. My lord, I can make it appear: You know I can neither read nor write, and for that reason these cards answer my purpose as well as a book.

N. Well, Jack, I like the first part of your defence so well, that I will hear you out. Proceed.

J. Why then, please your lordship, when I look upon these four suits of the cards, they present to me the four principal religions predominant in the world....christianity, judaism, mahometanism, and paganism; when I look over the twelve court-cards, they remind me of the twelve patriarchs from whom proceeded the twelve tribes of Israel, also of the twelve apostles, the twelve articles of the christian faith, in which I am bound to believe; when I look upon the King, it reminds me of my obedience to the King of kings; when I look upon the Queen, it puts me in mind of the blessed Virgin Mary, who is called the Queen of Heaven; when I look upon the ten, it puts me in mind of the ten commandments, the ten tribes of Israel which were cut off for their wickedness, the ten plagues of Egypt, and the ten cities in the plains of Sodom and Gomorrah destroyed with fire from Heaven; when I look upon the nine, it puts me in mind of the nine hierarchies, the nine muses, and the nine noble orders among men; in the same manner, I am reminded, by the eight, of the eight beatitudes, the eight altitudes, the eight persons saved in Noah's ark, and the eight persons mentioned in scripture to be released from death to life; the seven reminds me of the seven administering spirits that stand before the throne of God, the seven seals wherewith the book of life is sealed, the seven angels with the seven vials filled with the indignation of the Lord, the seven

liberal arts and sciences given by God for the instruction of man, the seven wonders of the world, the seven planets that rule the seven days of the week; the six makes me remember the six petitions contained in the Lord's prayer, the six days of the week that I have to work for my bread, and that I appointed to keep the seventh holy; the five, of the five senses given by God to man; the four, of the four evangelists, and the four last things....death, judgment, heaven, and hell; the three, of the Holy Trinity, also of the three hours that our Savior hung upon the cross, and the three days he lay interred in the bowels of the earth, and likewise of the three days that Jonas was in the whale's belly; the two, of the two testaments, the old and the new, containing the law and the gospel, also of the two contrary principles struggling in man....virtue and vice. Then, my lord, when I look upon this one single spot, the ace, as I have heard it called, it puts me in mind that I have but one only God to adore, worship, and serve; one faith to believe, one truth to practice, and one baptism to cleanse us from sin.

N. Very well, indeed, Jack; you certainly convert your cards to the very best of purposes. But Jack, I have perceived there is one particular card in the pack that you have not yet explained.

J. Which is that, my lord?

N. When you were shuffling the cards, you turned from the queen to the ten, and past by the knave; doth that card put you in mind of nothing?

J. That is right, my lord, I had like to have forgotten that: when I look upon the knave, it puts me in mind of your lordship—

N. What! you villain! do you account me a knave, and tell me so to my face, you rascal!

J. No, my lord, you misapprehend me, I mean your lordship's informer.

N. If so, Jack, I forgive you; 'tis well turned.

The nobleman, upon the whole, was so highly pleased with these ready turns of wit and humor, that he preferred Jack to the first place in his service, and doubled his wages, and then discharged the informer.

RODRIQUE.

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*Great Power of Letters.*

If you transpose what ladies wear,	VEIL,
Twill plainly show what harlots are;	VILE,
Again if you transpose the same,	
You'll see an ancient Hebrew name;	LEVI,
Change it again, and it will show,	
What all on earth desire to do;	LIVE,
Transpose these letters yet once more,	
What bad men do you'll then explore;	EVIL.



## ZAIDA.—A ROMANCE.

[From the German of Kotzebue.]

Powerful is the spring of honor! Neither danger nor the terrors of death can fetter the hand that aspires to a sceptre. yet a thousand times firmer is the plan formed by love—Love only will smilingly precipitate itself into the raging waves—will wantonly play with rocks and mountains—will make the sun at noon-day blind—Love only is strong as death, and love and death only render us equal.

For a long time the Ottoman empire had been slumbering in quietness. An armistice with the christian powers had afforded her time to gather strength. Muhamed enjoyed in the midst of his seraglio the fruits of his conquests in Poland and Hungary; and the favorite sultanness had, by giving him a son, made him feel the pleasures of a parent: Yet he would often yield to the wild pleasures of the chase, and (in spite of the jealousy of the sultanness) to the joy of secret love.

Kara Mustapha, unworthy of the sultan's blind confidence, disposed him to break the armistice with the German emperor: the consequences at first were brilliant, but the sound of victory soon vanished, and messengers of woe followed each other.

But this misfortune of the Ottoman arms could not interrupt the pleasures of the seraglio of Muhamed's residence. He played and trifled, and went to the chase the same as before; the more distressing the news from his army, the more eager he drew himself into the arms of his women, and the more did he amuse himself with his favorites.

Among the latter there was one of the name of Soliman, a bashaw, educated in the effeminacy of the seraglio, yet manly, brave, noble minded and courageous. His turban covered a noble forehead, to which an aquiline nose was joined: the fire of his eyes was like the lustre of the diamonds on the hilt of his sword: an all-conquering smile ornamented his lips when he spoke, and the fresh hue of youth glowed upon his cheeks. With this figure he connected a penetrating mind, well acquainted with the intrigues of the seraglio. He was beloved by the sultan; and what is more, he was beloved by every one that knew him, not for the sultan's sake. The kishlar-aga, the head of the eunuchs of the seraglio, was his bosom friend. The emperor himself has scarcely as much power in the seraglio as this half man. All the slaves of love are entrusted to his vigilance: not a ray of the sun penetrates their prison without his will: he guides the sultan's favor as Phæbus does his horses. A girl who incurs his displeasure is buried alive, even if she were the goddess of beauty. Hence so many presents, given by the Emperor to the women, flow back into his treasury: hence it is that his anti-chamber is every morning filled with supplicants, who never appear before him with empty

hands; and hence it is that, for his service only, six hundred horses are daily fed at the expence of the state.

The favorite of the sultan, and the bosom friend of the kishlar-aga, was naturally a person of no inconsiderable consequence. The first proof of confidence which Muhamed gave to him, was to make him seraskier of the army in Poland.

Soliman departed: and at a time when misfortune seemed to be the watch-word of the Ottoman troops, when the brave Germans carried with them into the field an inheritance of their ancestors, *bravery* and *heroism*, which was still more inflamed by the idea, 'it is for God and our religion that we fight.' Soliman, in spite of the treachery of prince Cantemir, completely defeated the Poles in Moldavia, and threw a considerable reinforcement into Kaminiak. Every messenger whom he despatched to Constantinople, carried with him fresh laurels: each messenger from the Ottoman army in Germany was sprinkled with the blood of his brethren.

One day Soliman, at the head of two hundred horse, was reconnoitering a defile, when he heard the noise of arms at a distance: at the same time a Tartar, upon a fleet steed, came in haste to tell him that a corps of four or five hundred Poles had surrounded two hundred Tartars, who had been detached to escort some covered waggon.

Scarcely had the seraskier heard of this, when he divided his troop, and with one half charged the Poles in front, whilst the other half, by a circuit, fell upon their rear. The surprised enemy, surrounded by the messengers of death from all quarters, and fearful of a stronger ambush, retired in confusion into the wood and left the field strewn with the dead. Night had approached, and Soliman could not prevent the flight of the Poles. Whom dost thou convey in that covered waggon? the seraskier asked the leader of the Tartars.

The Tartar: A girl, sir, well worthy the blood that was spilt in her behalf: if I understand right, she is destined as a present to the sultan.

Soliman's curiosity was excited: he rode to the waggon, drew the curtain aside, and—heavens! it was to him as if he had removed a cloud from before the sun. The reins dropt from his hand; surprise was painted in his countenance; his tongue stammered, and the courtly salutation with which he intended to address her, was dissolved into an unintelligible 'Ah!—

Bereft of her senses by the fright of the combat, there lay before him a girl of sixteen, composed of the rose-colour and the whiteness of a lily. Her eyes were yet closed, and the veil which was to cover her face and bosom, was beautifully disordered, that the wish to look into her eyes arose quite natural. The wanton zephyr played with the enviable veil, and opened the fair locks fastened together by a diamond pin. Already her lips began to reassume their reddish hue, already a bat-

samic sigh forced itself from the oppressed breast like the gentle sound of an evening's breeze—

Zaida opened her eyes, and with the first glance fettered the heart of the seraskier for ever: 'Alla!' whispered the sweet girl: The tone of her voice was like the sound of Vanhali's lute: A strange sensation penetrated the conqueror of Poland: he blushed; the martial fire in his eyes grew dim; the manly tone of his voice lost itself in an inarticulate stammering.

Soliman: Blessed be the hour! thou angel of Mahomed's paradise, which led me to thy rescue.

Zaida: Who art thou? In whose power am I?

Soliman: All that surrounds thee is in thy power, and Soliman-bashaw is the first of thy slaves.

Zaida: Art thou Soliman, the terror of the Poles?

Soliman: Never was my thirst for glory more ardent than now, since I know that fame has made thee acquainted with my name.

Zaida: Thou canst flatter as well as conquer.

Soliman: Thou knowest how to torment as well as to charm.

Zaida: Soliman, I esteemed thee before I saw thee. It gives me pleasure to have to thank thee for my safety—yet, thou art acquainted with the manners of the country.

She threw at him a glance full of benevolence, and put her veil over her face. The seraskier retired respectful, ordered her waggon to be escorted by his horse to a place of safety, and after having enjoined upon the leader of the Tartars to appear early the next morning at his tent, and to bring him an account of the girl, where she came from, whither she was going, and whom she belonged to? He returned quite alone to the camp, and did not observe that he was there till his horse touched his tent.

'What is this?' he said to himself, after having thrown himself upon his bolster: 'what strange feelings are raging within me? Is this the first handsome woman I have seen?—was I not often at the sight of the most beautiful Circasian, even at the charms of all the seraglio, insensible and cold? Has not Muhamed often rallied me for this weakness, which, however, endeared me more to him? Has he not often in my presence ordered the favorite sultanness, smiling, to drop her veil, because I was a man possessed of as little sensibility as a penitent takir?—what then is it that made me tremble at the sight of this unknown beauty?'

All those questions, with which he tormented himself, served only to convince him that love had taken root in his heart before he was aware of it. He should have honestly confessed to himself, I am in love; and without being astonished at an appearance so common to all, he should have considered, what is to be done? Instead of which, he tormented himself with the physiological whim, 'whether he should not ascribe his feelings to the rapid transition from so different an object to another?'  
(To be continued.)

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 27, 1817.

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Apology.—The difficulty of adjusting a *new dress*, is well known to all Ladies....they will therefore readily excuse the late appearance in public of this number....to the Gentlemen we tender the same apology....and to both we sacredly promise, that, God willing, another delay shall never happen.

### THE NEW DRESS.

The editor has reason to flatter himself, that, in conformity with all his engagements, he has now completed the first quarter of the "Ladies' Literary Museum;" and, to fulfil his promise intimated at its commencement, he now presents his patrons and the public, in this number, a specimen of NEW TYPE, cast expressiy for this paper, and on which it will, in future, be printed in a style which cannot but be acceptable to all admirers of handsome typography, and of refined taste.

Under these engaging circumstances, the editor deems it superfluous to say even one word to induce a continuance of public patronage. "Il vaut mieux tâcher d'oublier ses malheurs, que d'en parler." The life or death of the Ladies' Museum is now altogether in the hands of the public...the editor has done his utmost....and it now rests alone on its own merits.

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Our artist was not able, this week, to finish the *New Head-Dress* designed for the first page of our numbers....but next week we hope the Museum will make its appearance in an entire new costume from head to foot, worthy of the company in which it has been introduced.

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The Names of Subscribers to the Ladies' Museum, will be published at the expiration of the next quarter, together with a handsome Title Page, which will then complete the First Volume....every six months forming a neat volume of about 212 pages.

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Correspondence.—THE COTTAGER'S WIFE, communicated for our 'Sunday Reading,' will be commenced next week. SAM POINT is necessarily postponed, and an interview requested. ALPHA, in our next. CLARA, SELIM, LINES ON THE HOLY FAMILY, and a number of other poetical pieces received, but all too late for this number.



## MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. dr. Wilson, *mr. John R. Neff* to *miss Caroline Bird*, both of this city. On Saturday last, by the rev. dr. Pilmore, *capt. Chs. H. Robinson* to *miss Deborah Lee*, both of this city.

At Germantown, *mr. Thomas Elton* to *miss Rachel Oldden*, both of Philadelphia.

At Newtown, Penn. *mr. Garret Kroesen* to *miss Deborah Dyer*; also *James Evans* to *Deborah Boyles*.

At Woodbridge, N. J. *James Meeker* to *Rebecca C. Bloomfield*.

At Wilmington, Del. *Thomas Jaquett* to *Kitty Wallace*; also *Thomas Walker* to *Achsah Read*.

At New York, *John Eddy* to *Elizabeth Taylor*; also *George Fotheringham* to *Sarah Burdington*; *David Weyman* to *Sarah Smith*; *C. Van Ripper* to *Letty Depew*; *John Miller* to *Ann Crolius*; *William Downs* to *Rachel Mariner*; *Daniel York* to *Harriet Mariner*; *Henry Brevoort* to *Elizabeth Carson*; *Edward P. Arthur* to *Elizabeth Haight*; *Adam Christie* to *Julia Reeder*; *Isaac Carpenter* to *Eleanor Stewart*.

At Union Springs, N. Y. *dr. Stephen Mosher* to *Hannah Webster*.

At Baltimore, *Thomas Yokeley* to *Julian Ratter*; *Amos Greenfield* to *Ann King*; *Jacob Mileron* to *Mary Brensinger*; *William Crissey* to *Keziah Roberts*; *Samuel L. P. Welling* to *Hannah Hussey*; *Samuel Jacob* to *Deborah Peters*; *Thomas Woodyear* to *Elizabeth Yellott*; *lieut. R. Spedden* to *Mary Ann Thompson*; *John B. Salgues* to *Mary Burbine*.

At Washington City, *John S. Galaher* to *Catharine Shannon*; *Benjamin M. Belt* to *Elton S. Drane*; *James Gaither* to *Ann Espey*; *Lewis Carbert* to *Artemesia Cloud*; *Kinsey Griffith* to *Elizabeth McLeod*; *Daniel Turner* to *Mary Ann Stewart*.

At Georgetown, D. C. *William Y. Wetzel* to *Mary Holtzman*; *Horatio Willcoxon* to *Ann R. Gaither*.

At Alexandria, D. C. *William P. Morgan* to *Martha Johnston*; *Richard Horwell* to *Susan Sleight*; *William Lacy* to *Eliza Davis*.

At Dumfries, Va. *Henry H. Smoote* to *Phoebe Huber*; also *Adrian Andeslouis* to *Harriet Steel*.

At Manchester, England, after remaining a widow *nine weeks*, *mr. Peter Davies*, aged 70, to *mrs. Bowden*, aged 72, being her *fourth* appearance in the character of a BRIDE!

Also in England, after a *courtship* of *forty-five years*, *mr. W. Robinson*, tinker, aged 76, to *Bridget Kell*, of 80.

*The Fugitives.*

The doctor was just on the very last stair,  
To'ards the room of his son, when, of damsels, a pair,  
Escap'd to the opposite door:  
While the youth had just time to lay hold of a book,  
And in it (assuming a sanctified look)  
He began most intensely to pore.  
When the doctor beheld him, cried he, overjoy'd,  
'To see you, dear Richard, so wisely employ'd,  
Your affectionate father much pleases,  
But what were you reading—your Blackstone?'  
'Why—no, sir,  
I was only beguiling an hour or so, sir.'  
'But with what?' 'Why,—some *fugitive pieces*.'

*The Marriage of Mr. Lamb to Miss Toogood.*

A woman too good! that I'll never believe;  
Was e'er such a thing from the days of old Eve?  
There is, I am sure, and I've made her my wife,  
To bless me with comforts the rest of my life:  
Alas! my dear friend, your fine scheme will prove vain,  
For indeed she will never be 'Toogood' again.

*The intended Marriage of Mr. W. aged 70, with the widow B.*

Ne'er heed old boy, their laugh and fun,  
Pluck courage up and risk it:  
A man may surely mump a bun,  
That cannot crack a biscuit.

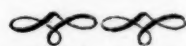
*Farmer Dobbins's Complaint.*

Three daughters I have, and as prettily made,  
As handsome as any you'll see:  
And lovers they count—but still I'm afraid  
They always will hang upon me.

In writing of letters and talking of love  
They are foolishly spending their time:  
One gives them a ribbon, and one a new glove:  
And thus they are passing their prime.

These bucks of the town—with their elegant coats,  
I'm sick of their horses and chairs:  
They plunder my hay, and they pilfer my oats—  
Am I keeping a tavern, my dears?

This courting and courting, and never concluding,  
Is nonsense—(I'm sorry to say)—  
Your kissing and playing is rather intruding,  
Unless you will—'take them away!'



*[An Apprentice wanted to the Printing business. Enquire at No. 157, south Eleventh street, fifth door below Locust street.]*

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